

## The Times-Dispatch

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1912.

## BRING THEM TO BOOK, MR. MOORE.

The revelation of gross inequalities and obvious fraud and falsehood in the income tax returns throughout the State impresses a most solemn duty upon Auditor of Public Accounts Moore. His determination to probe thoroughly conditions in the cities and the counties of the State indicates his desire to cause a general burning to book of tax-evaders who are unwilling to discharge their obligations to the State and to shoulder their due share of the burdens of taxation. The Times-Dispatch believes that in no other way could the Auditor of Public Accounts render such enduring and important service to the Commonwealth. Let him but initiate thorough investigation and public sentiment will drive the proper authorities everywhere to prosecute full and complete, increase the revenues of the State, place a greater number upon equal basis of tax-burden and inspire a wholesome fear of the law. The annual return of the income tax has already increased, and in the law is vigorously enforced this source will be one of uncommon fruitfulness to the State.

There is a moral for the people of Virginia in these income tax exposures. The Auditor of Public Accounts, however courageous and however determined to do his duty, is severely handicapped in the prosecution of the work of making income tax offenders to pay, because the machinery of his office is inadequate. The collection of taxes is only one of a multitude of functions devolving upon the Auditor's office. If his sole duty were to see to it that full taxes were collected from every citizen who should be a taxpayer, he might reasonably be expected to investigate tax conditions and generally supervise and equalize assessments.

Could any case more than the present one demonstrate the supreme necessity for a State tax commission?

If such a body had been created by the last General Assembly, it would have the time and the machinery sufficient for thoroughly inquiring into conditions everywhere, finding the facts, and applying adequate remedies. Under such a system, the executive officer of the commission would collect full data from every part of the State and he would have the facts upon which to base judgments of those whose returns were either too low or absent. Such an officer would have general supervision of assessments, seeing to it that the tax-gatherers adhered to a uniform definition of the all-important word "taxable." Such an officer would have general supervision over the work of the commissioners of the revenue and direct their assessment of the income tax. The results he would lay before the State tax commission, and it would take such action, enforce such penalties and recommend such curative laws as it deemed necessary. A State tax commission would give its exclusive attention to the assessment of taxes, leaving the collection end of it to the Auditor of Public Accounts, and working hand in hand with him for the welfare of the State. The only reason that Virginia has no State tax commission is that the burden-shifting and obligations of the State prevailed upon a spineless General Assembly not to enact any law which would increase the revenues of the State and destroy inequality in taxation.

If Auditor Moore, however, shall execute his intention to bring the offenders to account, the State will be satisfied. He has it within his power to assume the formidable proportions of a tax-evader's Nemesis. He can administer to many of the burdens-shifting of Virginia the full measure of the punishment that they deserve. He can catch the fall-guys and make the tax-dodgers come to time. Have at them, Mr. Moore, have at them!

## THE DIVINE WEATHER.

The composing room of a big newspaper about 2 o'clock of a hot August night is a place peculiarly suited to philosophy or humor. It is mostly full of epithets and frazzled tempers. Yet so humorously amiable and bubbling is the Times-Dispatch variety of printer's devil that yesterday morning he slipped the head, "Amusements," over the infamous weather report. Can you beat it, Steve? Can you beat the irony of labeling this pithy sentence as "Amusements?"

"Maximum temperature up to 8 P. M. 91°." It isn't even funny. The only connection between that and "Amusements" is that it is about as big a crime as some of the jokes of summer vaudeville. This subtle sarcasm must have been suggested by the heading "Miniature Almanac" in the weather report. Most of our "Amusements" seem to come from almanacs, though miniature is too nice a word to apply to the age of these ancient books.

Perhaps this waggish printer was not far from the mark, but taking him

ter revenge on the folks who seem to feel that the only amusement just now is growling about the weather. We hope every one of them read it in the hope of getting cool and then got hotter than ever. In the words of the new ditty, "Everybody's overdoing it now." Overdoing what? Growling. What? O what will Norfolk and Atlanta say, when they read that the only amusement left in Richmond is the weather report? What can the blighted inhabitant of Godchland think of life in a big city when this is all the excitement to be found? Will the surmise in serene Poteau be that denigrate Richmond actually gambles on the maximum temperature, and the humidity and the direction of the wind, not to mention the accumulated deficiency in temperature since January 1— which, by the way, is a plain lie, reading over the day, when everybody knows the accumulated excess in the last week has been several thousand.

We give it up. Why the printer needed the daily edition of Dante's "Inferno" "Amusements" gets our goat. His brain is pined, most likely, or maybe being young he mistook the foggy's Gallery of the hottest cities in the world for the baseball standing and wanted to put Richmond on top for once. There is no consolation. The weather report calls the temperature "Mean." That is amazing! It's so conservative.

## HIRING MORE THAN HONORING.

The old-fashioned conception as to the sort of man who should be elected to office is fast passing, and it is well that it is. The people used to specify a general goal with dignified bearing whose chief ability lay in mounting platitudes about "the people," he was "honored" when elected to office, so much so that he never did anything but be "honored," his pinnacle of honor was too lofty to admit of his taking off his coat and working. The new conception of a public officer is that he shall be a capable man, who can conduct the business of the people efficiently and honestly and constructively. He is more hired than honored. He is serviceable rather than stately.

Of course there is honor in the investment of any office by the people, but that is a sentimental consideration. A public officer, when elected by the people, is nobody but their hired man. That is the way the people of Richmond should look upon the five places on the Administrative Board. They are hiring foremen to supervise the city's jobs, not stuffed shirts to look wise and do nothing but draw pay. The people must remember that in hiring men they must require the same efficiency of public servants that they do of private servants. The men who can do the job best are the men the people must elect. These Administrative Board jobs are shirt-sleeve jobs, not frock coat pedestals.

## THE LIVING VOICE IN THE PRINTED PAGE.

A correspondent of the New York Nation, in contributing to the discussion of the subject of "Writing Good English," which is now going on in the columns of that contemporary, refers to "the incomparable music of the human speech," and asks, "Do we of the present generation care for that music, or even think we ought to care for it?" It is not out of place in connection with the subject, continues the correspondent, to write of the "music of speech," for, as Sidney Lanier has said, "not only the living voice, but the printed page, speaks to the ear." The printed page, therefore, "giving our speech in comparatively permanent form, which admits of its being studied and appreciated," should, argues the correspondent, be taken very seriously by every lover of good English and every one who cares for the choice of the best things.

The citation of Sidney Lanier as a witness prompts the question, Why is that poet not more generally read and studied in his own country? It is a reflection upon our literary taste and discrimination and our appreciation of "good English," which feature obtains eminently in both his poetry and his letters, that he is not.

By many critics, especially foreign critics, Sidney Lanier is ranked as the greatest of American poets, not only because the living voice speaks to the ear in his printed pages, but because he has done more than any other "English poet" save Tennyson, perhaps, to reduce "English poetry" to a law of verbiage. There is, in fact, a division of opinion among students of the two as to which deserves the most credit for achievement in that direction.

Sidney Lanier is close reading, but every word of his printed pages is a musical note in the realm of perfected human speech, that is essential to the harmony and interpretation of the whole.

## A FLOWER FOR VIRGINIA.

Once again Virginia has been asked to confess that she has no official "emblem" flower. This should not be a matter of sentimental regret with the Governor's secretary alone; every lover of the Old Dominion must feel that something is wrong when this land of flowers has no fragrant blossom to claim as her natural heraldic emblem. It is strange that in all the years during which Virginia has been adorning presidents and making his boys and giving poets and men of letters to the nation, a traditional sentiment has not grown up around some characteristic specimen of her varied and beautiful flora. It may be that so many blooms charm the eye and suggest history and romance that no single one has prompted first place in our hearts. Yet when the question has been raised again, we should like to know what is in the minds of her people, the State flower of Virginia.

Certainly the endeavor to choose

such a symbol ought to begin by searching for one to which our feelings naturally turn. No very real sentiment can be aroused, not any wild acceptance of a choice be secured, by a cold legislative enactment. The instinct of the people should be back of the law. In other States, the selection has usually been made easy by the fact that one variety predominates and colors large areas of the Commonwealth. No one who has seen the cloth of gold spread over Kansas in autumn can doubt the wisdom of calling it the Sunflower State. Nor can there be any quibble as to why Nevada picked the sage-brush. Yet of our opulence of bloom which means peculiarly Virginia.

The Jimson-weed has been suggested because it took origin and consequently, name from Jamestown, where it first sprang into life from the chance seeds of an Asiatic flower scattered from the earthen ballast of a foreign vessel. This has a local touch, but the flower of the Jimsonweed, although of a marvellously beautiful shape and rarely delicate lavender color, is unpleasantly perfumed and very fragile when plucked. Moreover, its distribution seems largely confined to pig-sticks. A letter to The Times-Dispatch suggests that an effort was made to have the last legislature adopt the white field daisy. This is truly common enough and in its way, charming, but who would deem it a peculiarly Virginia flower?

If there be a natural State flower, it would seem to be the wild honey-suckle which adds its green and white beauty and its fragrant perfume to nearly every rural landscape from Tidewater to the Alleghenies. Its fragile charm, wide-spread on fence and field, holds a hint of much that is best of the gracious social life of the State. There is no legend about it, but probably not a scene in our history during flower time took place far from a vine of honey-suckle. Would not Virginians be glad to wear a spray so delicate and fragrant and claim for home the Honey-suckle State?

## PUNISH SUICIDAL ATTEMPTS.

The case in Police Court yesterday wherein a woman who had attempted suicide could not be held because of the absence of a statute punishing attempt at suicide calls attention to the need of such a law. Following too rigidly the lines laid down by the common law, most of the States have failed to enact punitive laws affecting persons who seek to kill themselves. The old theory of the law was that since the commission of suicide could not be punished, no attempt to commit it could be punished. There are economic and moral considerations which outweigh that theory and require an anti-suicidal attempt law. The man who tries to kill himself is just as guilty of murderous attempt as the man who seeks to kill another. The moral law upon which our criminal law is based condemns with its severest future penalty the self-killer. A considerable percentage of attempted suicides are unsuccessful, and for that reason there might be some deterrent influence in an anti-suicide law. The percentage of suicides in Richmond is somewhat greater than in any other cities of like size and every measure that tends to punish or prevent attempted self-slaughter should be upon the statute books.

## A COST OF LIVING CONFERENCE.

Congress is now considering a measure which carries an appropriation of \$2,000,000, and provides for the calling of an international conference, under the auspices of the Federal government, to consider the causes of the world-wide increase in prices and cost of living. Chairman Fitzgerald, of the Appropriations Committee, is unfavorable to the bill and Minority Leader Mann is, strange to say, lukewarm in his support.

As a matter of fact, the wisdom of such legislation is questionable. The prospect is favorable during the next session of Congress for a revision of the tariff and for the enactment of other measures which will materially reduce the present high level of prices. Such a conference as is proposed might lead to the creation of a commission to study the causes of the high cost of living with the result that heavy outlays for salaries and expert services would be made necessary. The chief danger to be apprehended, however, from the establishment of a commission would be the postponing of legislation which would relieve the consumer from present prices. Tariff protection and other favored interests would undoubtedly urge a postponement of action by Congress until a report from the commission on cost of living would be available. The policy, during the past year, of using the Tariff Board reports as a pretext for delaying tariff legislation affords a valuable object lesson in this connection. If the proposed conference on the cost of living is authorized by Congress, safeguards should be taken against the probable creation in the future of a commission on the same subject.

Well, what do you know about this? A policeman yesterday evening succeeded in temporarily clearing away the masters' convention at Eighth and Broad.

Much ado has been made about the large percentage of youngsters who failed to pass the last Virginia Bar Examination, but only four men passed the last one in Alabama.

Kazis Kraucunas, of Ketchikan, is not a hay fever victim, but the new delegate to Congress from Alaska.

## On the Spur of the Moment.

By Roy K. Moulton.

The Fat Man.  
I tell you when a feller's fat  
His friends all take a notion that  
They've got a call to criticize.  
They pull a very ghastly sigh  
And say he's surely going to die  
If he don't take some exercise.

They tell him he's getting fat,  
He's bigger much this week than last.  
And all that sort of cheering news  
They tell him he's a lazy lout  
And on the way to gutter out  
So personal are all their views.

They tell him he's got no ambition  
And that it is their fondest wish  
He wouldn't always eat so much.  
They say that, in this life to win,  
A feller's got to train down thin  
And tell him he'll soon need a crutch.

In theatres, the folks behind  
Tell him he's got an awful mind  
To spoil their chance to see the show,  
When on the air he's got the sand  
To take them while others stand  
They label him the "hog," you know.

And when he goes to buy a suit  
The tailor says: "You big galeot,  
You'll pay just twice what others pay."

When he walks by, folks cry aloud:  
Oh, my, there comes an awful crowd,  
Must be a side show here to-day!"

But still, when all is said and done,  
No matter if he looks a ton,  
No man regret will he allow.  
He thinks that every skinny class  
Is knockin' round his envy  
The fat man's happy, anyhow.

## According to Uncle Abner.

A patriot is a feller that sells for the Stars and Stripes and then dodges his taxes.

If it wasn't for the collar buttons and dresses that hook up the back there would be but very little property heard in the world outside the livery stables.

A feller that votes a party ticket all his life whether his party is right or wrong may be loyal, but he is also a darn fool.

I never heard of a feller that were a one-eyed monologue in his eye sufferin' from concussion of the brain. It would be impossible.

A minister's life is not a path of roses when you consider all of the poor Sunday dinners he is obliged to participate in during the course of a year.

There is quite a lot of difference between a fool and a dumb fool. The latter will stay and raise the edge on a pair of tongs.

Every feller that learns how to run a vacuum cleaner or an electric toaster thinks he knows enough about machinery to run the Lusitania or the Twentieth Century Limited.

## Easy If You Know How.

Uncle Joe Cannon, that famous old war horse, says there is only one thing that worries him. He doesn't know how to spend the time between midnight and bed.

Read several chapters of a good book with gilt covers and flexible leather cover, which usually reposes on a parlor table and is put in all of the homes of the rich and the poor.

Play a nice long game of solitaire. Write a historical novel. Go on an automobile joy ride with a party of convivial spirits.

Sit down and eat three or four orders of lobster a la Newburg.

But the best place to spend the time between midnight and bedtime is in bed.

## How to Be Happy.

Don't try to get something for nothing. About the only thing you can get for nothing is a contagious disease.

Find your pleasure in work and be sure that somebody else does it.

Start your son to taking lessons on the slide trombone and then you will get even with all the neighbors.

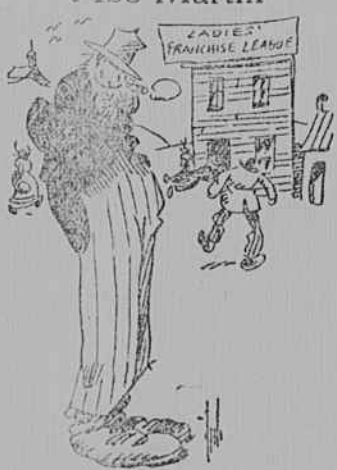
There is nothing more satisfactory to throw at city for you can take about fifteen throws before you can run out of encyclopedia.

## Governor Montague's Victory.

The whole State of Virginia is to be congratulated without reserve on the nomination of former Governor Andrew Montague for the constitutional convention. This may be said with reflection on Captain Lamb. Governor Montague is the natural, indeed, the almost inevitable, leader of the progressive movement in Virginia. His support of the Jones-Glass fight in the last primary contest against Martin and Swanson for the Senate seats was the most powerful element introduced into that contest.

Virginia is going to have a political revolution of these days, probably a revolution inside the Democratic party, which is ruled by the most vicious machine in the whole nation. It has seemed as if the State were hopelessly in the grip of its worst political forces; as if there was no enlightened and progressive sentiment there. But that is never true of any State. The darkest hour is just before the dawn, and the

## Abe Martin



Somehow a groom never looks worthy. After all, that's something kind of nice about being poor and lookin' forward to the openin' of a new nickel theater.

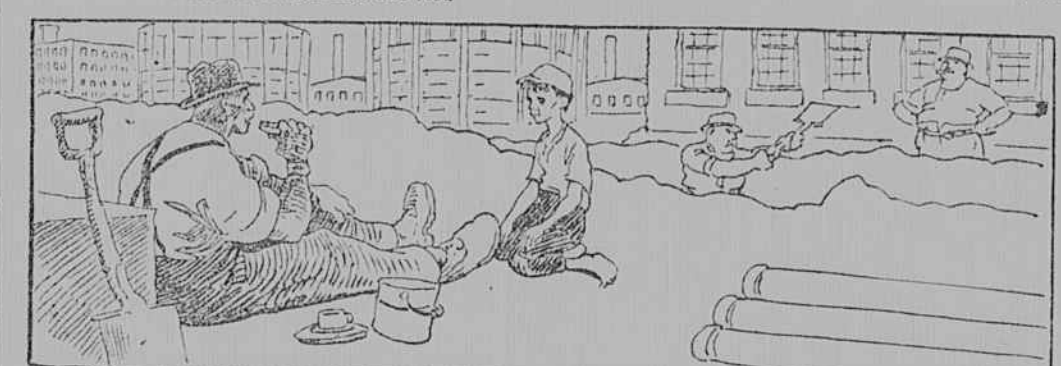
## THOSE WHO REMAINED IN THE CITY DURING VACATION SEASON.

By John T. McCutcheon.

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Mrs. Lexinski spent the summer in the city, not going to the country for the hot season. The illness of one of her children, together with certain reasons of a business nature, made it impossible to leave town for a period of much needed recuperation and rest.



Mr. James Quinn, connected with the gas company, did not take a vacation this summer. Imperative business necessitated his presence in the city during the torrid season, and for this reason he did not go to the country or the seashore. His family also remained in the city.



Mrs. Joseph Bergman remained in her town house through the summer. She had hoped to take her children to the country during the intense heat of July and August, but business reasons made it inconvenient to do so.

Jones-Glass contest marked the dawn for Virginia.

Governor Montague will not only be the leader of a stronger progressive movement in Virginia, but he will be a tower of strength to those enlightened Democrats throughout the South who want better conditions generally. He will be a national leader from the start, by reason of his leadership in a great State, and also because his moral and intellectual parts will command that position. His appearance in Congress will be the sign that Virginia is returning to old standards and ideals that once made it the mother of Presidents, the nursery of statesmen, Virginia is nearing the end of the generation of patrician poverty in public affairs. It is a magnificent old State, that after three centuries is only now awakening to a true conception of its possibilities. A new and better regime in public affairs will mean good to the State in this impending era.

Governor Montague's goal no doubt is to reform. He is young and strong enough to carry the fight that such an aspiration involves, and he will win. His administration as Governor was a bright spot in the story of sordid, sudden maladministration. His elevation to the real leadership of the State's affairs, to the leadership of all friends of good government—Baltimore News.

## Voice of the People

Contribute to the Wilson Campaign Fund.

To the Editor of the Times-Dispatch: Sir—Judging from the Pulitzer response to your appeal for the Wilson campaign fund, it would seem that our people take little interest in electing William Wilson, tried and true, and that they have as yet have tariff-reform, trust-busting, smiling will or democratic Bonaparte, reject the Colonel.

Of the few hundreds already contributed, \$100 were from three sources—The Times-Dispatch's portion being \$250. It is, however, hoped that the small base hitherto is not owing to indifference, but to absorption in primaries for Congress and Administrative Board. But, making every allowance, it has been lamentably disappointing, and it should excite a blush of shame.

It seems to have wholly forgotten that money is most urgently needed at the beginning of a campaign, and that a dollar then may be equal to a dollar and a half later, and we should remember that we cannot get it from corporations, even if we would, but that we must dig down into our pockets—otherwise we shall see the fairest Democratic prospects fade and wither.

Dollar contributions might do well if every Democratic man, woman and child in the State contributed a dollar each en masse, but as this cannot be, at least tens of thousands cannot be supposed to contribute at all, we must cease to think in ones and think in fives, tens and larger sums, and act as we think.

By this time Richmond should have contributed not less than \$10,000 or \$15,000. Instead of which we have, all told, only a few paltry hundreds. Where are our rich men, where our men of moderate means, where our mechanics earning \$5 or \$6 a day, where our patriots, where our true-blue Democrats? Alas! Judging by our puny contributions, we have none such, nor patriots, nor Democrats dyed in the faith, but all are poor nondescripts, too poor to contribute \$5 or even \$1.

We doubtless have enough aspirants for office under a Wilson administration to furnish, if they would, a large campaign fund, and if they hope to see their expectations realized, now is their time to get busy and chip in freely; but neither have they, as yet, proved their faith by their works. They seem to expect to be waited into office upon a shout, and they may be, but a far surer way would be to prove

their Goserts by contributing the shew of war to insure the success of the cause whereby they hope to profit. Expectant officials—let us who hope to enjoy the rewards of victory—now is the time to gather at Armageddon to battle for the success of the Democratic party. And what is the plan? Richard E. Byrd, who anticipates being the Virginia almoner of patronage under a Wilson administration, doing to raise funds? We cannot hide our indifference behind the plea that we need no campaign fund for Virginia. Thank the Lord that we do not, but we need it to help doubtful States, and it is our duty (not prepared to come up and help in battling for the right.

CIVIL.

The Daisy as State Flower.

To the Editor of the Times-Dispatch: Sir—Last fall the Mothers' Club of William H. Ruffner School voted to adopt the daisy as our State flower. First, because no other State has the daisy, and white being an emblem of purity and yellow representing gold and strength, it also being a fact that the little flower grows everywhere in Virginia. We were fortunate enough to get Edward P. Cox to draft our resolutions and prepare the bill for the last Legislature, but we were unfortunate in not having it come up before the House. We have seen a copy of the bill, which is now in the Capitol, pending the next term, 1914. We feel sure of our success then, and if the school children of New York City can vote for and get a State flower, the mothers of Virginia will not fail. We are pleased to know that Mr. Owen has the interest of our bill at heart.

MRS. WILLIAM GEMMELL,  
Chairman State Flower Committee.

"What Are the Wild Waves Saying?" I reached the wild waves in their glea,  
Like happy children, glad and free,  
Coming in from the sea so blue,  
Bringing a message, grand and true.

We're children of our Father in Heaven,  
To each little wave a task His given;  
To follow His leading, day by day,  
And serve the world as best we may.

He sends us to the depths below—  
We do His will and meekly go;  
For we know that in the darkest night  
His love is on us, clear and bright.

He calls us to the sky again  
To scatter the earth with gentle rain;  
That flowers may bloom, and golden wheat  
May fill the land with food to eat.

To ships of earth we bare our breast,  
Their plows are in the which they rest;  
That they may bear to other lands  
The blessings of His gracious hands.

Within our domain, far and wide  
The sunny grasses may be hid;  
Their plows are the dark blue waves,  
Secure they rest in sea-girl caves.

No robed priest, no organ peal  
Can e'er inspire my heart to feel  
Such prize and homage, evermore  
As wild waves rolling to the shore.

MRS. H. C. GARRETT,  
Ballville.

At the Big Theatre.  
There once was an actor called Teddy  
Who performed a wonderful task;  
He got his great audience ready,  
Then proceeded to show them his mask.

He didn't do this for pleasure,  
Neither did he do it for pelf;  
But to prove to the folks they were people,  
And to prove that he wasn't himself.

T. R. S.  
Charlottesville.

## QUERIES &amp; ANSWERS

## Preparing to "Spout."

Please give the Greek word and its meaning from which we get our term "spout." S. J. W.

"Spout" is as near as I can get. It means to dip to sink (as a ship), to drown, to over-whelm," etc., etc.

## Gosport Navy Yard.

Can you tell me how Gosport Navy Yard got its name, and whether there is any history of that establishment? R. F. WESTER.

That part of Portsmouth has been called "Gosport" since it had an English name. Just prior to the Revolution the British established a marine yard at the place, and the name is regarded to have been given from that of Gosport, near Portsmouth in England, where one of the great old naval establishments was located. At the Revolution all this property, together with that of the British naval agent, Andrew Sproule, was confiscated to Virginia, used during the war as a yard for the Virginia navy, included in public lands ordered to be sold by act of General Assembly of 1781, but not so disposed of; sent to the United States (about 1791) and purchased by the United States in 1801 for \$1,000. There is an excellent history of the United States Navy Yard at Gosport, Va., by Commander Edw. P. Lull.

## Marriage of Cousins.

May one marry his first cousin in Virginia or any other State?

He may in Virginia, and it is hardly possible that such a marriage is forbidden in any other State.

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